HUMORISTS OF THE PENCIL

PHIL MAY

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LONDON:
"PUNCH" OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

R/6
741.5994
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NA 732
7150
10/31 M-830244
20950 Kostenevitch

SYDNEY COLLEGE OF
THE ARTS I.R.C.

PHIL MAY—By Himself.

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"AND SHE OUGHT TO KNOW!"

"That's supposed to be a Portograph of Lady Salsbury. But, bless yer, it ain't like her a bit in Private!"

PREACHING AND PRACTISING.

Lady Bountiful (to old Parishioner). "I hope you like our New Clergyman's Sermons, Mrs. Brown?"

Mrs. Brown. "Oh yes, my Lady, he do Preach quite beautiful; but then, you see, he don't Practise. So when my poor old Man be troubled with the Rheumatics, I have to send for the Doctor in the Village, and it do come so very expensive!"

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE WAITER."

"All right, Sir! My fault!"

FOGGY WEATHER.

"Has Mr. Smith been here?" "Yes; he was here about an hour ago." "Was I with him?"

"Penny 'Addick." "Finen?" "No; thick 'un!"

A NEGLECTED INDUSTRY.

"'Ow are yer gettin' on, Bill?"
"Ain't gettin' on at all. I'm beginnin' to think as the Publick doesn't know what they wants!"

BLASÉ.

Kitty (reading a fairy tale). "'Once upon a time there was a Frog——'"
Mabel (interrupting). "I bet it's a Princess! Go on!"

CRUEL!

Lucullus Brown (on hospitable purpose intent). "Are you Dining anywhere to-morrow night?"

Jones (not liking to absolutely "give himself away"). "Let me see"—*(considers)*—"No; I'm not Dining anywhere to-morrow."

Lucullus Brown (seeing through the artifice). "Um! Poor chap! How Hungry you will be!"

["*Exeunt,—severally.*"

"THE COW WAS THE STAMP TO IMPRESS SUPERIOR BUTTER."

"'Arf a pound er Margarine, please; an' Mother says will yer put the Cow on it cos she's got Company!"

Q. E. D.

"What's up wi' Sal?" "Ain't yer 'erd? She's Married agin!"

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

"Hi, Billie! *'Ere's* Cheap Gloves!"

AN IMPORTANT 'JUNCTION.

"You mind your Fader gets my Boots reddy by Four o'clock, 'cos I'm goin' to a Party!"

AN INFORMAL INTRODUCTION.

'Arry (shouting across the street to his "Pal"). "Hi! Bill! This is 'er!"

POLITICS AND GALLANTRY.

First 'Arry. "Hay, wot's this 'ere Rosebery a torkin' abaat? Bless'd if he ain't a goin' to do awy with the Lords!"

Second 'Arry (more of a Don Juan than a Politician). "Do awy with the 'ole bloomin' lot o' Lords, if he likes, as long as he don't do awy with the Ladies!"

THE PLUNGER.

First Boy (much interested in the game of Buttons). "'As 'e lost?"

Second Ditto. "Yes; 'e lost all them Buttons what 'e won off Tommy Crowther yesterday, an' then 'e cut all the Buttons off 'is Clothes, and 'e's lost them too!"

Superior 'Arry. "Cabbie! To the—aw—the Prince of Wales's."
Cabbie. "Marlbro' 'Ouse, my Lord?"

THE GENIAL SEASON.

Hungry-looking Acquaintance (with eye to invitation). "So glad to see you enjoying yourself!"
Fat Chap (evidently doing well). "Wrong again, old Man. I'm enjoying my Dinner!"

"Look what I've bought you for a Christmas Box!"

PAST AND PRESENT.

Serious and much-Married Man. "My dear Friend, I *was* astonished to hear of *your* dining at Madame Troisétoiles!—a 'Woman with a Past,' you know!"

The Friend (Bachelor "unattached"). "Well, you see, old Man, she's got a first-rate *Chef*, so it isn't her 'Past,' but her 'Re-past' that *I* care about."

Editor of Libellous Rag (who has just received a terrific but well-deserved kick). "Dud you mane thot?"

Colonel McMurder. "Yis, oi *dud*, you thunderin' villain!"

Editor. "Oh, very well, thot's all *roight*. Oi t'ought it moight av been wan o' thim prac-ta-cle jokes!"

"Hi, Billy! are yer Movin'?"

SO LIKELY!

Scene—*Bar of a Railway Refreshment Room.*

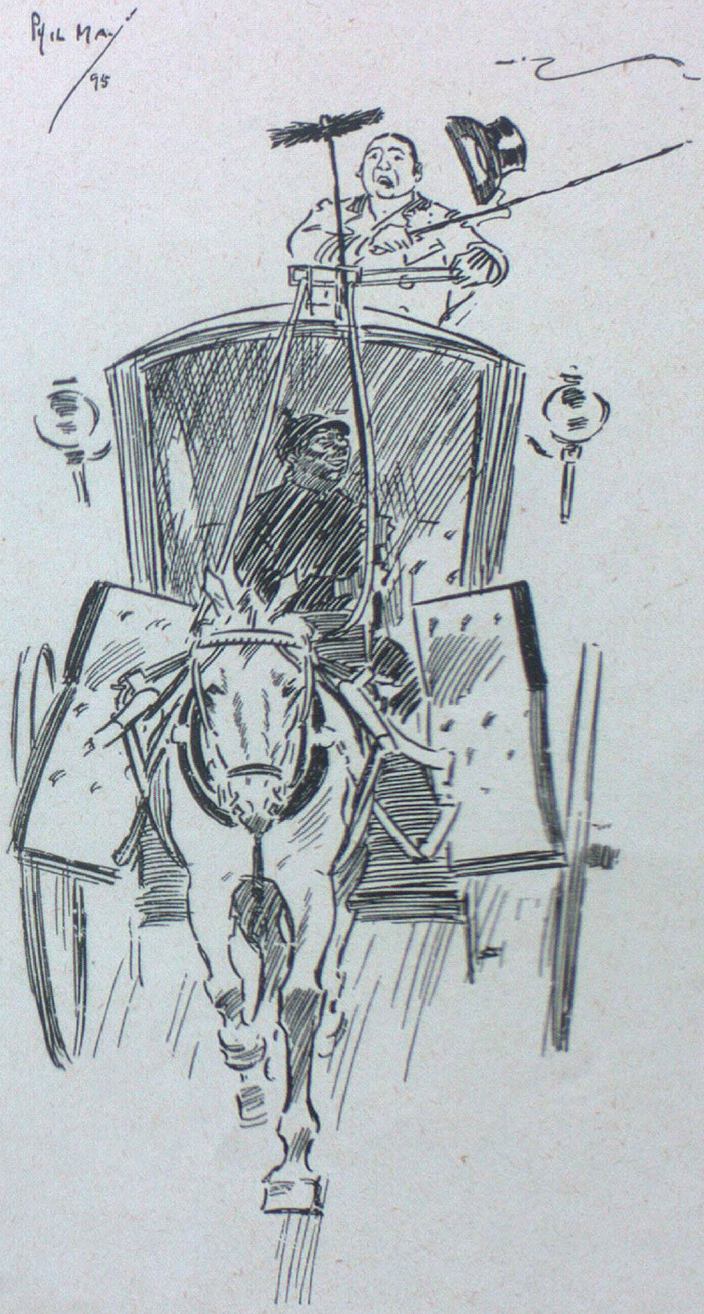
Barmaid. "Tea, Sir?" *Mr. Boozy.* "Tea!!! ME!!!!"

BOTANY; OR, A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"Say, Billee, shall we gaver Mushrooms?"
"Yus. I'm a Beggar to Climb!"

First Boy. "Give us a Bite of your Apple, Bob."
Second Boy. "Shan't."
First Boy. "What for?"
Second Boy. "'Cos yer axed me!"
(After a pause.)
Small Boy. "Gi' me a Bite, Bob. I never axed yer!"

A BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.



MAY 1. THE SWEEPS' FESTIVAL.

A Study in Black and White. **** Nice for Next Fare.

New Assistant (after hair-cutting, to Jones, who has been away for a couple of weeks). "Your 'Air is very thin be'ind, Sir. Try Singeing!" *Jones (after a pause).* "Yes, I think I will."

N. A. (after singeing). "Shampoo, Sir? Good for the 'Air, Sir." *Jones.* "Thank you. Yes."

N. A. "Your Moustaches curled?" *Jones.* "Please."

N. A. "May I give you a Friction?" *Jones.* "Thank you."

N. A. "Will you try some of our——"

Manager (who has just sighted his man, in Stage whisper). "You Idiot! *He's* a Subscriber!!"

Youngster (who has just had a Penny given to him). "'Ow much is them Grapes, Mister?"
Shopkeeper (amused). "They are Four Shillings and Sixpence a Pound, my Lad."
Youngster. "Well, then, give us a 'A'porth o' *Carrots.* I'm a *Demon* for *Fruit!*"

Ragged Urchin (who has just picked up very short and dirty end of a Cigarette). "Hi, Billy! Look 'ere! See what you've missed!"

"Perfeck Lidy" (who has just been ejected). "Well, *next* time I goes into a Publickouse, I'll go somewhere where I'll be *respected!*"

A YORKSHIRE GOSSIP.

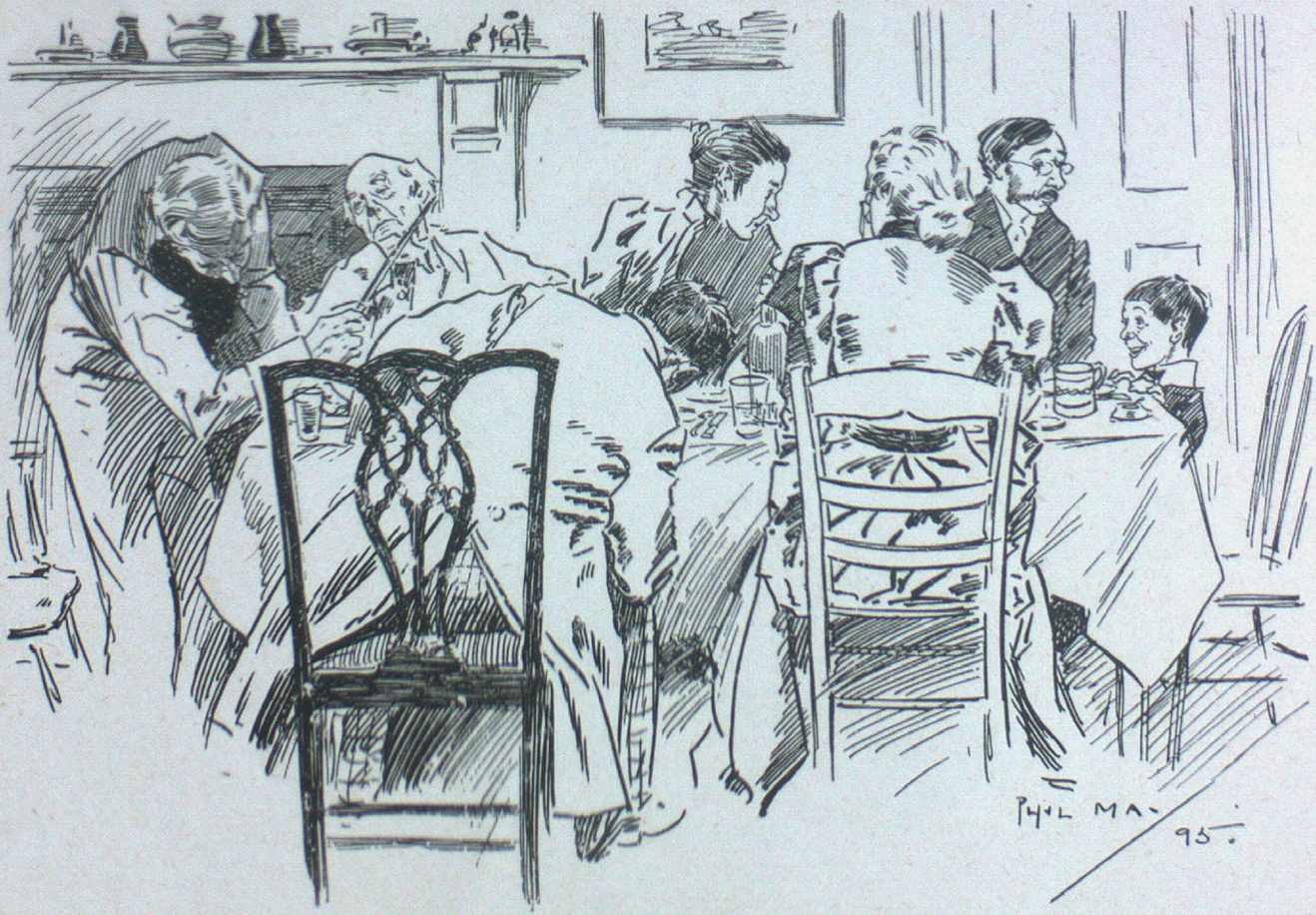
First Gossip. "So you was nivver axed tut Funeral?"

Second Gossip. "Nivver as much as inside t'house. But nobbut wait till *we* hev' a Funeral of us own, an' *we'll* show 'em!"

P.M.

SO THAT DOESN'T COUNT.

"Are you sure they're quite Fresh?" "Wot a Question to arst! Can't yer see they're Alive?"
"Yes; but *you're Alive*, you know!"



A SUNDAY DINNER.

Father of Family (who has accidentally shot the leg of a Fowl under the table). "Mind t'Dog doesn't get it!"
Young Hopeful (triumphantly). "All right, Feyther! I've gotten me Foot on it!"

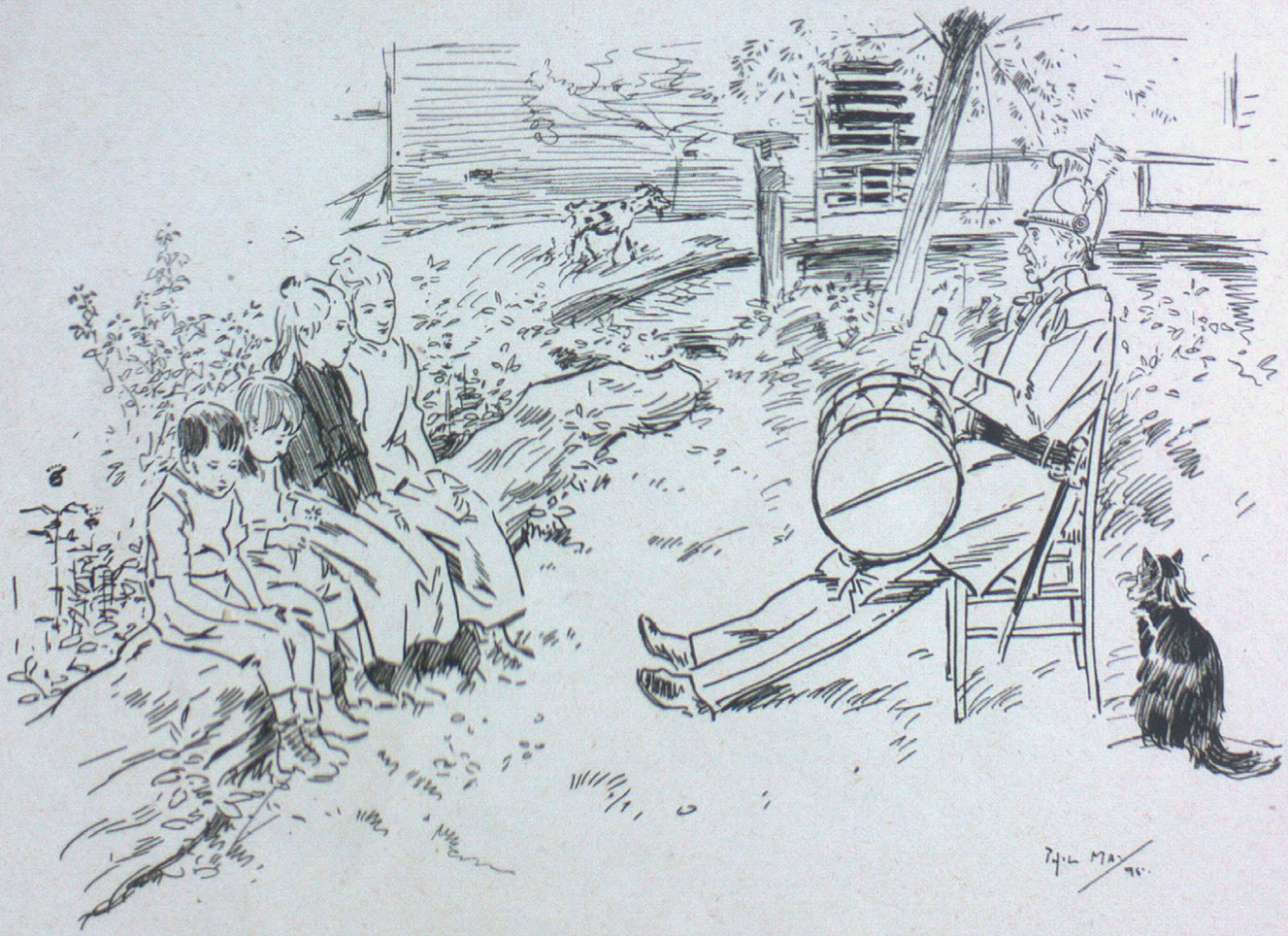
Workman (politely, to old Lady, who has accidentally got into a Smoking Compartment). "You don't object to my Pipe, I 'ope, Mum?"

Old Lady. "Yes, I *do* object, very strongly!"

Workman. "Oh! Then out you get!!"

REASSURING.

"Lor' bless yer, Sir, that's all right, Sir! *That* ain't a Fly, Sir! *That's* a bit of Dirt!"



PICKINGS FROM PICARDY.

After the Procession. A Solo by Grand-père.

MUCH ADO.

"Mamma-a-a! Boo-hoo! We's crying! Tum up 'tairs an' see what's de matter wiv us!"

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Chorus (slow music). "We're a rare old—fair old—rickety rackety Crew!"

"*Are* you comin' 'ome ?"

"I'll do ellythik you *like* in reasol, M'ria—*(hic)*—Bur I *won't* come 'ome."

Importunate Street Urchin (for the tenth time). "Gi" us a Copper, Sir! Gi" us a Copper!"

Testy Individual (losing patience). "Oh, go to"—*(substitutes a milder form)*—"blazes!"

Street Urchin. "Sure thin an' I would in this bastly could weather, if I was only certain o' comin' back again!" *[Individual's testiness overcome and Urchin rewarded.*

"NICE FOR THE VISITORS."

(Sketch Outside a Fashionable Hotel.)

Coster (to acquaintance, who has been away for some months). "Wot are yer bin doin' all this time?"

Bill Robbins (who has been "doing time"). "Oh, I've bin Wheelin' a bit, Ole Man—Wheelin' a bit!"

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.

Johnnie (who finds that his Box, £20, has been appropriated by "the Fancy"). "I beg your pardon, but this is *my* Box!"

Bill Bashford. "Oh, is it? Well, why don't you tike it?"

Fussy Old Lady. "Now *don't* forget, Conductor. I *want the Bank of England.*"
Conductor. "*All* right, Mum." *(Aside.)* "She *don't* want *much*, do she, Mate?"

INFORMATION.

First 'Arry (with newspaper). "I say, 'Arry, you'se a Toff. What's a 'Collar Day!' at Court?"

Second 'Arry. "Dunno 'xactly. Suppose it's a Saturday when things come 'ome from the Wash." *First 'Arry.* "Oh, I see—'Clean Collar Day'!"

Little Guttersnipe (who is getting quite used to posing). "Will yer want me ter tike my Bun down?"

"EVERYTHING COMES TO H'M THAT 'WAITS.'"

THE HEALING ART.

Doctor. "Did you give the Children the Physic I sent last night?"

Fond Mother. "Yes, Sir."

Doctor. "And how are they to-day?"

Fond Mother. "Well, the little un's very bad, to be sure. But it don't seem to 'ave done the t'other un' no 'Arm as yet!"

Bill Sykes (reading). "There are now ten men of the Bechuanaland Border Police in the whole Bechuanaland Protectorate, four of whom are doing Customs Duty."

Street Serio (singing). "Er—yew will think hov me and Love me has in dies hov long ago-o-o!"

Old Jones. "Yes, my Boy, *there's* Wine for you, eh? I bought Ten Pounds worth of it the other day."

Brown. "What a *lot* you must have got!"

First Newspaper Boy. "Hullo, Bill! Who's 'e?"
Second Newspaper Boy. "I suppose 'e's the North Pole as 'as just been Discovered!"

"What Bait are yer usin', Billie?"
"Cheese."
"What are yer tryin' ter catch—Mice?"

A BI-METALLISTIC DISCUSSION.

Jim. "What's this ere 'Bi-metallism,' Bill?"

Bill (of superior intelligence). "Well, yer see, Jim, it's heither a Licens'd Wittlers' or a Teetotal Dodge. The Wages'll be paid in Silver, and no more Coppers. So you can't get no arf-pint nor hanythink under a Sixpence or a Thrip'ny. Then you heither leaves it alone, and takes to Water like a Duck, or you runs up a score."

Jim. "Ah! But if there ain't no more Coppers, 'ow about the 'Buses and the Hunderground Rileway?" *Bill (profoundly).* "Ah!" [*Left sitting.*

First Genius to Second Genius. "Why on Earth do you do your Hair in that absurd Fashion, Smith?"

"Oi tell yez Oi will *not* clane out me Cell. Oi'd lave the Jail furrst!"

Small Voice from under the Bed. "*No*, I will *not* come out! I tell you, once and for all. Bernesia, I *will* be Master in my own House!"

Photographer. "I think this is an excellent Portrait of your Wife."

Mr. Smallweed. "I don't know—sort of *repose* about the *mouth* that somehow doesn't seem right."

"Where did yer spend yer 'Olidays, Bob?" "Souf o' Frarnce, o' course!"

HOSPITALITY.

Spokesman of Working Men's Club (on the occasion of their Patron's first visit). "And we 'opes, Sir, as this 'll be *neither* the *first* nor the *last* time as you'll dew us the honner of settin' among us!"

STORES
OUR EGGS AT ½ per doz Cant be beat
TRY OUR
1/-
BUTTER
NO ONE CAN
TOUCH IT
PATENT
LARD

SO INVITING!

'Bus Conductor. "Emmersmith! Emmersmith! 'Ere ye are! Emmersmith!"

'Liza Ann. "Oo er yer callin' Emmer Smith? Sorcy 'ound!"

Enthusiastic Briton (to seedy American, who has been running down all our National Monuments). "But even if our Houses of Parliament 'aren't in it,' as you say, with the Masonic Temple of Chicago, surely, Sir, you will admit the Thames Embankment, for instance——"

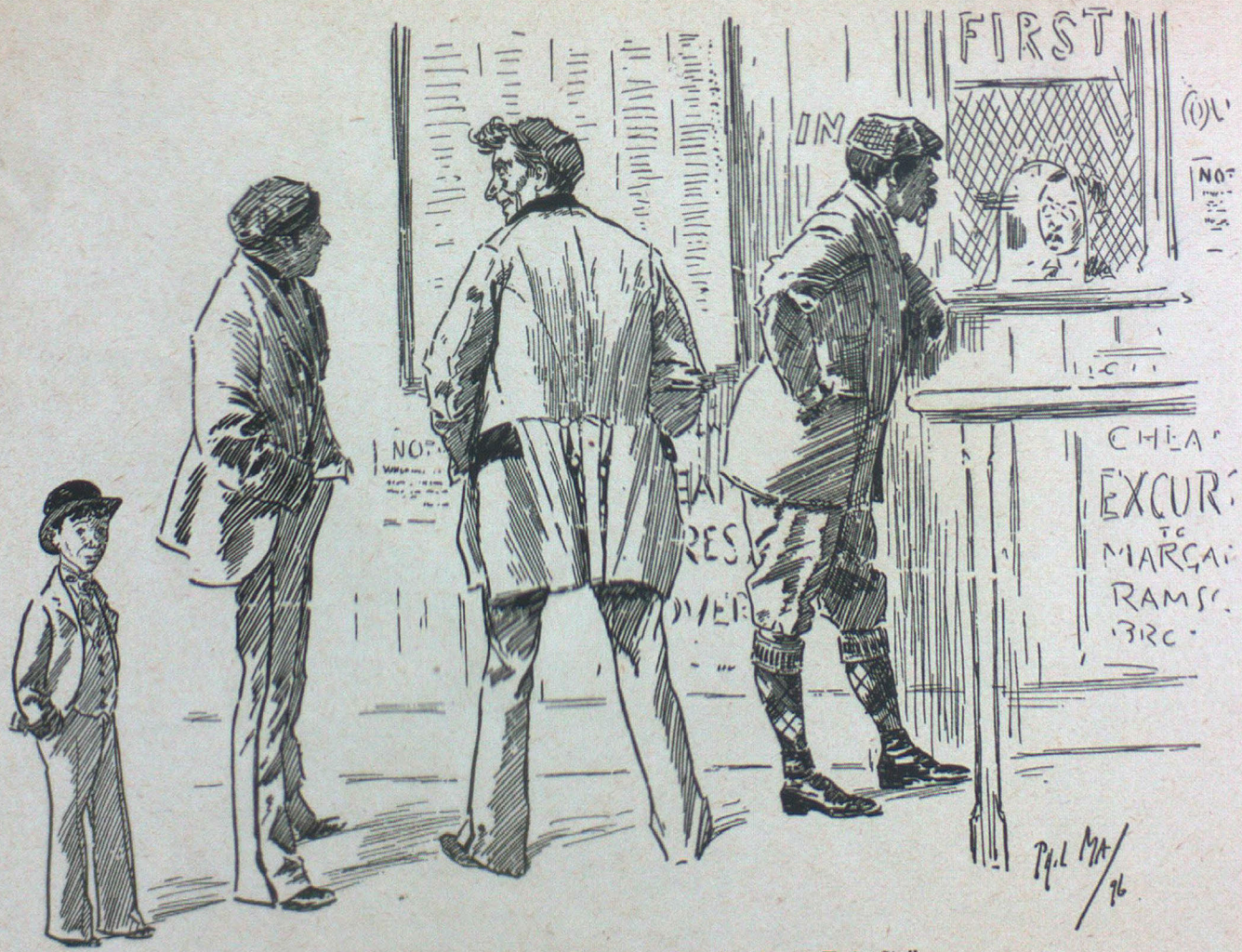
Seedy American. "Waal, *guess* I don't think so durned much of your Thames Embankment, neither. It *rained* all the blarmed time the night I *slep* on it."

"Gentlemen, I am ready to admit that his Career in the Past has not been free from Blemish——"

FASHIONABLE AND SEASONABLE.

Where to Sup *al fresco* in the Hottest Weather. The "*Whelkome* Club."

"Tell your Fortune, Pretty Gentleman?"



Clerk of Booking-Office. "There is *no* First Class by this Train, Sir."

'Arry. "Then wot are *we* going ter do, Bill?"

"THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED."

(Sketched on an Excursion Steamer.)

SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

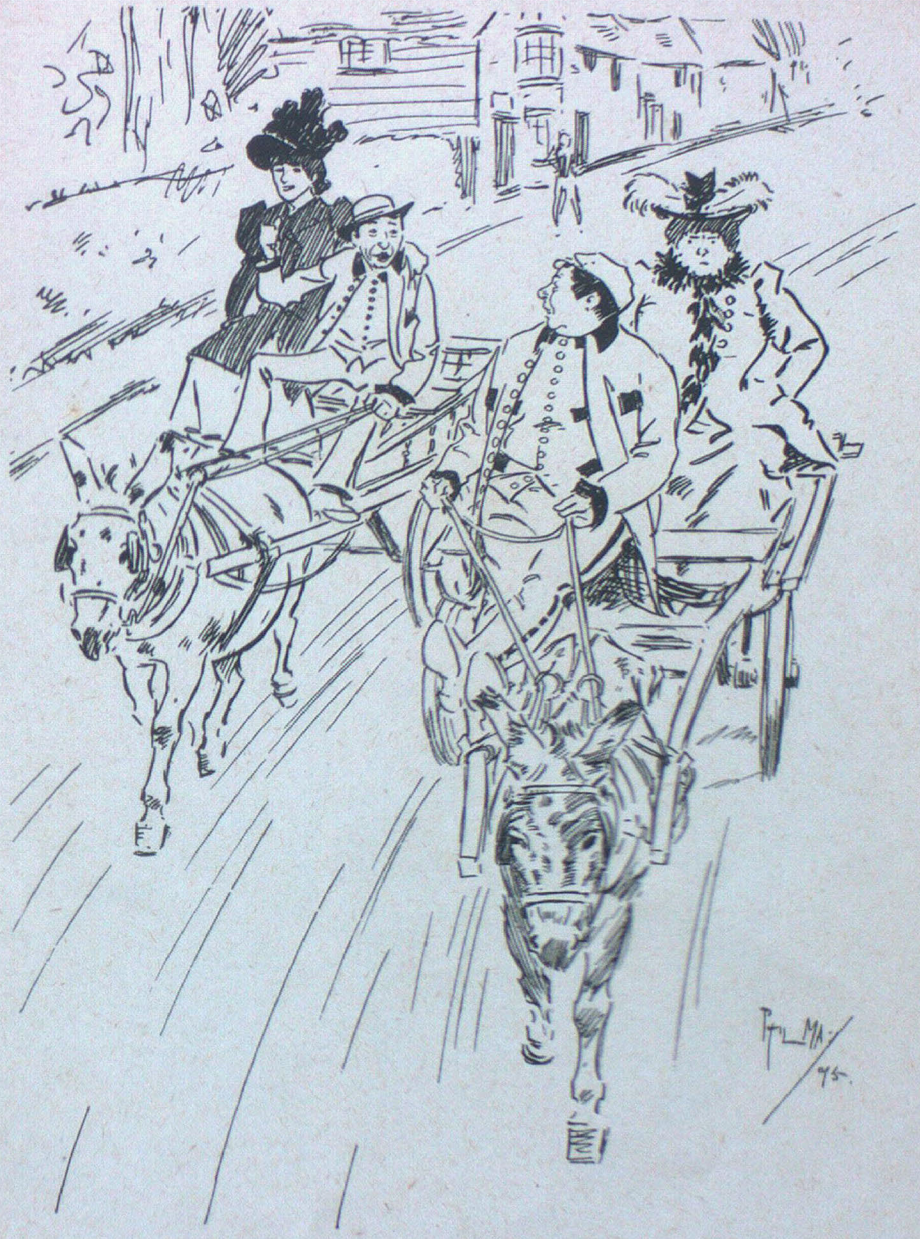
Tramp (to benevolent but inquisitive Lady). "Well, you see, Mum, it were like this. I were a 'Addick Smoker by profession; then I got ill, and 'ad to go to the 'Orspital; then I sold Cats' Meat; but some'ow or other I got into *low water!*"

A SKETCH NEAR PICCADILLY.

THE MOTOR 'BUS.

Fussy Old Gent. "Hi! Stop! stop! I want to get down." *Driver.* "*I* can't stop the bloomin' thing!!"

"Poor likkle Doggie—hasn't got any Fevvers on!"



SO VERY CONSIDERATE.

Stout Coster. "Where are yer goin' to, Bill?"

Bill. "Inter the Country for a nice Drive, bein' Bank 'Olidy."

Stout Coster. "Same 'ere. I sy! don't yer think we might swop Misseses just for a few Hours? It would be so much kinder to the Hanimile!"

Sexton (to a Divine, who was spending his holidays in the country, and who, on the sudden illness of the Village Parson, volunteered to take the duties). "A worse Preacher would have done for us, Sir, *but we couldn't get one!*"

ZOOLOGY.

"That's a Porkypine, Sarah." "No, it ain't, Bill. It 's a Orstridge!"

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

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"Oh, rest you, merry Gentleman,
May nothing you dismay!"

"A STUDY IN EXPRESSION."